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## Chill Factor

Debra Marquart

*Iowa State University*, [marquart@iastate.edu](mailto:marquart@iastate.edu)

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# Chill Factor

**Abstract**

sometimes at parties in moorhead my friend's late night rambling hushed as if fearing microphones in the walls crazy talk....

**Disciplines**

Poetry

**Comments**

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## Chill Factor

sometimes at parties in moorhead  
my friend's late night rambling  
hushed as if fearing microphones  
in the walls crazy talk  
about what was buried  
in the countryside up north  
everyone gone from the party a few of us  
slumped deep in couches  
blowing smoke rings

the night's music playing on repeat  
the cup from the keg's last beer  
warm in our hands my friend would begin  
the story again it never varied  
about the late night drive up north years ago three am  
twenty below outside the chilblain night  
the darkened eyelids of farmhouses

inside the car the radio playing soft rock he said  
the DJ's distant voice the heater blasted  
yet the windshield stayed cold  
to the touch above the full moon  
hung large and bright he said  
so illuminating the icy fields  
he could drive without headlights  
lunacy really what he says came next

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on the horizon    he told us  
a sparkle of light    broke    in the distance  
from an aperture    a timid crack in the earth  
something heavy opened    a beacon  
spreading    in the night    then a nose emerged  
soundless    a tip    a slim column lifted up    revealed itself

foot by foot    a minuteman    pulling clean from its shell  
like a needle unthreading itself  
sparks followed    soundless    lifting in a spitting arc  
then growing small    out of sight    lost among the stars

he says    he barely kept the car on the road  
he said    his hands spun the radio dial  
through talk and jazz  
all the late-night-preaching about    salvation  
fire and brimstone    end-of-days    revelation  
he says he scanned country    pop    rock  
white noise    up and down  
he searched    for news of impact  
waiting to hear what part of the world would fall silent  
but only the chatter continued    all night

he criss-crossed and circled the dial    he said  
he knew    he didn't know    he said    he couldn't say  
what he had seen    that cold winter night  
in the middle of nowhere  
he drove the backroads until dawn  
waiting for the world to end